AS THE SEASONS COME AND GO.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

The fresh young leaves are coming, dear!
In the genial prime of May;
And the bees in the blooms are humming, dear!
And the world is glad and gay;
Is gay and glad in the ripe bright spring,
Forgetting the winter snow;
But winter again the snow must bring,
As the seasons ebb and flow;
And so the world goes round a ring,
As the seasons come and go.

As the seasons come and go, and the years
One after another die,
With wan, sad faces wet with tears,
And the laugh that ends in a sigh;
In a sigh—and, sighing, our hopes and joys
Pace after them, sad and slow,
With our manhood's baubles and childhood's toys,
As the seasons ebb and flow,
Leaving us only the pleasure that cloys,
As the seasons come and go.

The lads are the fair girls wooing, dear,
In the rash glad days of spring,
And the greybeards for young loves suing, dear!
While the thrushes, mating, sing.
They are wise—for the young grow old and grey,
And time is a fair girl's foe;
And maids are fickle, and men will stray,
As the seasons ebb and flow;
For love's forever is but a day,
As the seasons come and go.

In the new love's lap all the old are forgot,
When the mouth new kisses craves;
They are gone, like players, remembered not,
One after one, like the waves;
On the dead loves' ashes the live loves tread,
And into its fires we throw
The false girl's picture, the tress of the dead,
As the seasons ebb and flow,
Forgetting the once sweet lips so red,
As the seasons come and go.

No, no!—there were loves we cannot forget,
Charming faces, forever dear;
Sweet lips, with whose kissing ours tingle yet,
Loving words we shall always hear;
Eyes that we always shall look into,
Whether they love us or no;
Adorations immortal, tender and true,
Though the seasons ebb and flow;
Immortal, oh, darling! as mine for you,
While the seasons come and go.

MY INHERITANCE.

So Aunt Susan had left me heir to her little all. I had often been to the small house in the out-of-the-way country village, and it must have been that my visits had pleased her. At any rate, in the letter I now held, she wrote:

MY DEAR HERBERT: I haven't much to leave, as my annuity dies with me; but my house and furniture, such as it is, I wish you to have. Of all my nephews, you have been the only one who has seemed to care for me, and I wish my possessions were more valuable for your sake. You are at liberty to sell the house, if you wish, and all it contains, excepting one thing, and that is the picture of my grandmother, which was left to me in her will. That I have always valued, and I would like you to value it also, for my sake.

This was part of the letter handed to me by the lawyer, when I came to my aunt's on receiving news of her death.

I had entered into my inheritance, but, as Aunt Susan had said, there was nothing of much value. The house was old and rickety, and the furniture in the last stages of wear. Before the picture in the sitting-room I paused. It was, as I remembered it before, a full-length portrait of a very handsome woman, with a dark, haughty beauty, dressed in a rich, old-time costume of velvet and lace, and with diamonds around her white neck and wrists.

Leaving things in old Margery's charge, I went back to my office in the city. There I found a little note on my desk, inviting me the following week to "Cragghead," Mr. Roscoe's country-seat, to attend a garden party.

I must now describe the girl whom for a year I had loved to distraction (though as I felt) hopelessly. Adrienne Roscoe was a true type of an American girl; tall and slender, her figure possessed that dignified grace which distinguishes our countrywomen, with a face fair, proud, delicate, sweet, intelligent—all these adjectives are none too many to do it justice. I had become acquainted with her father during one of my business trips, and had afterward been favored with an introduction to his daughter. Mr. Roscoe was a self-made man, one to whom the "chink, chink, chink" of gold was sweeter than any sound besides, as one could easily see. I had in some way found favor in his eyes, and he had asked me to his house, apparently never fearing in the slightest that the poor, struggling lawyer could dare to look up to his incomparable daughter. Indeed, he had once told me in confidence, "Adrienne is a beauty, and I intend her to make a fine match."

I took the day boat, and arrived at "Cragghead" late in the afternoon. The party was at its full height, and, after making myself presentable, I sauntered down to find my host and his daughter.

Such a cordial grasp of the hand I had seldom seen Mr. Roscoe bestow, and then, after conversing a few moments, he said, it seemed to me in a very significant tone, "Have you seen Adrienne yet?"

Just then she came toward us. I had never shown by word or look my daring love; but, as she approached in an ethereal costume (which surely could have been fashioned by none but fairy fingers), I stood rooted to the spot, every emotion merged into one wild wish to then and there throw myself at her feet and declare my love.

But, of course, all I did was to take the sweet hand so frankly extended, and utter a few words of greeting. Just then a group of gay girls flitted toward us, calling "Adrienne!" and in their midst she was wafted away.

My host and I wandered to a grove near by, and under the shadow of an old elm we seated ourselves. Mr. Roscoe had always been polite and courteous to me, but to-day I felt a difference in his manner, and by-and-by something he said sent the blood bounding at fever heat through my veins.

Laying his hand (with the large solitaire on the little finger) confidentially on my arm, he said:

"Herbert, I think a father's eye cannot be mistaken. Have I not seen for a long time that you have entertained for my daughter a feeling warmer than mere friendship?"

In surprise I looked into his face, and then with a sudden wild hope at my heart as I saw the benignant, kindly look with which he regarded me, I told him all—how passionately I worshiped Adrienne, and that it was through fear that, because of my poverty, I would be no fitting mate for her, I had not ventured to declare my feelings. As I spoke, a rather peculiar smile passed over his features, but it vanished quickly, and in the same kindly tone he replied:

"Mr. Lisle, you underrate yourself. What is money where the heart is concerned?"

So I was free to love, and, if possible, to win the "queen-lady of my dreams."

Not then, while my pulses throbbed so wildly, could I trust myself to express my sentiments in fitting words. Evening came. Surely, such a fairy scene never existed on this prosaic globe before. A flood of golden moonlight paled and put to shame the myriad of colored lights, which made the spacious grounds as bright as day.

The fair and young seemed fairer and younger in the magical radiance which inhaloed them. A fountain flung its jeweled spray high into the air; satiny roses and stately lilies lifted their lovely heads, and shining with a beauty far above all was the queen of the *fete*—Adrienne.

It was long before my opportunity came; then, with faltering words, all my fine rhetorical sentences forgotten, I told my darling (what I felt she knew full well) that I loved her, and that, with her father's full consent, I asked for her dear hand.

There were snowy flowers in her hair, and with the moon's pale beams bathing in an almost spiritual radiance the white robe which fell softly and clingingly about her, and disclosing the rapt glow in her sweet, fond eyes, it was no wonder that she seemed to me, not a mortal, but like unto the angels.

Tha following day we parted, and Mr. Roscoe himself drove me to the station in his stylish dog-cart, drawn by a spirited team of bays.

"Truly, how different he is," I thought, "from what I have always judged him to be!"

"Come again soon, Herbert," Adrienne had whispered, as I pressed a kiss upon her lovely lips.

My office seemed meaner and duller than ever before when I entered it, and, sitting down, I tried to realize what a change had come to my future within the last few hours. Then I settled down to business again. No hanger-on upon a rich father-in-law would I be, and, if I meant to have a home and a wife, I must work.

The days passed laggingly along until the time came in which I intended to visit "Cragghead" again. But that morning the postman handed me a letter. A large, cream-tinted, monogramed envelope, with my name—Herbert Lisle—in a bold hand. I opened and read. Then how long I sat there in the same position I know not; but when I came back to myself, and chanced to glance up into the dingy little glass hanging over my desk, I vaguely wondered if that pale, drawn face could be my own.

"I was deceived," the letter ran, "and my daughter was, too. We heard of an inheritance left to you by a deceased aunt, and have only just ascertained its amount. It is out of the question that Adrienne should marry a poor man—" and so forth.

"I was deceived, and my daughter was, too." Could it be that Adrienne was mercenary? In sudden fury I cast the cruel letter from me. Then a man's hard, bitter tears rose to my eyes, and, leaning my head on my desk, I fought them back. A gentle footfall came up the stairs, through the narrow hall, and paused at my door. Some one tapped.

"I am engaged," I cried, in a voice I tried in vain to render calm; but the door opened, and there, enveloped in a dark mantle, with a veil covering her face, was a slight figure.

It was Adrienne! She flung back her veil and sprung to my side.

"Herbert, my love, I have come to see you. What care I for riches? Make me your wife now, for then nothing can part us!"

I clasped her convulsively to me; we kissed each other, and then, holding her away, I looked into her tearful eyes.

"Adrienne," I said, solemnly, "do you realize that you will leave a life of luxury to be a poor man's wife?"

"I have made up my mind," she answered, resolutely. "It is the only thing I can do. My father declares that in a week's time he will expect me to marry one he had chosen for me before he formed such a mistaken idea of the extent of your inheritance."

We left the dingy little office, and in less than an hour's time we were man and wife.

Adrienne wrote to her father, telling him of what she had done, and pleading for forgiveness.

The answer said: "When I can visit Mrs. Lisle in a home as handsome as the one Adrienne Roscoe enjoyed, then, and not till then, will I forgive my undutiful daughter."

We were happy, my wife and I, in the little home which was my heritage, and after a while a visitant strayed from paradise to fill our hearts with her childish grace and beauty. The little one used to sit for hours before the portrait of my ancestress. The dark, haughty face seemed to fascinate her.

One day, as I sat quietly with Adrienne by my side, on the piazza, a sudden crash brought us both to our feet. Then came a child's cry of distress. We both ran to the sitting-room, whence the sounds had proceeded. There on the floor lay little Addie, almost concealed by the great picture, which had fallen from its fastenings.

After Addie had been picked up and consoled, I turned my attention to the mischief which had been done. As I raised the heavy picture, the broken frame fell apart, and a long, narrow, oblong package dropped at my feet, Adrienne stood with wondering eyes as, after removing the wrappings, a leather case was disclosed.

"What a strange hiding-place! and what can it be?" she exclaimed.

It was opened, and there before our dazzled eyes flashed a necklace of diamonds. Three rows of large brilliants, each having one magnificent gem for its central ornament; and a pair of old-fashioned bracelets, studded with the same priceless stones. I could not estimate the value of this discovery, although I knew it must be immense. In the case was a paper, and on it was written:

My wedding jewels. SUSAN DINSCOMB.

And, as I read, I remembered hearing of the great fear of robbery, amounting almost to a mania upon the subject, which my ancestor had always labored under, and of the strange places from which the family silver and other articles of value were unearthed after her sudden death.

So Adrienne and I found ourselves rich people. The jewels realized far more than I had imagined they would; and, by buying more ground, on the spot of the old house I built such a home as Adrienne was fitted to adorn.

Then came a telegram to my wife, telling of a fall her father had received, and that his life was in danger. We found him sadly changed from his former self, and when, in a feeble voice, he called "Adrienne!" and held out his weak arms to my wife, all my anger vanished.

We did not tell him of the difference in our fortunes, but, after he had sufficiently recovered, we brought him by slow stages to our home, which Adrienne had named "Ingleside." Then he was told the wonderful story of the treasure-trove we had found through little Addie's desire and attempt to kiss "the pitty lady." The old man held out his hand to me.

"Herbert, I am almost sorry for this. I had thought to prove my changed feelings by sharing with you the wealth, which has only been a burden to me since, in my pride, I refused to listen to my daughter's request for forgiveness."

"Say no more, sir;" I replied. "Let bygones be bygones—but for you I would never have had my wife, my dear Adrienne—"

"Nor 'ittle Addie, papa," cried a sweet, small voice, whose owner had come unnoticed to my side, and overheard my words.

Looking around me, I sometimes sigh as the memory of old Aunt Susan comes back to me; of how she pinched and struggled to live within her small means and keep her little home, while all the time the legacy which had been left her by her grandmother, and which would have made her beyond want, was, all unknown to her, within her very reach.

How Lincoln Relieved Gen. Rosecrans.

Gen. James B. Steedman, familiarly known as "Old Chickamauga," was never in happier frame than at the Ford Post reunion the other night, when, with other valuable anecdotes and incidents of the war, he related the following: "Some weeks after the disastrous battle of Chickamauga, while yet Chattanooga was in a state of siege, Gen. Steedman was surprised one day to receive a telegram from Abraham Lincoln asking him to come to Washington. Seeking out Thomas, he laid the telegram before him, and was instructed to set out at once. Repairing to the White House, he was warmly received by Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln's first question was abrupt and to the point: "Gen. Steedman, what is your opinion of Gen. Rosecrans?" Gen. Steedman, hesitating a moment, said: "Mr. President, I would rather not express my opinion of my superior officer." Mr. Lincoln said: "It is the man who does not want to express an opinion whose opinion I want. I am besieged on all sides with advice. Every day I get letters from army officers asking me to allow them to come to Washington to impart some valuable knowledge in their possession." "Well, Mr. President," said Gen. Steedman, "you are the Commander-in-Chief of the army, and if you order me to speak I will do so." Mr. Lincoln said: "Then I will order an opinion." Gen. Steedman then answered: "Since you command me, Mr. President, I will say that Gen. Rosecrans is a splendid man to command a victorious army." "But what kind of a man is he to command a defeated army?" said Mr. Lincoln. Gen. Steedman in reply said cautiously: "I think there are two or three other men in the army that would be better." Then, with his quaint humor, Mr. Lincoln propounded this question: "Who, besides yourself, Gen. Steedman, is there in that army who would make a better commander?" Gen. Steedman said promptly: "Gen. George H. Thomas." "I am glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Lincoln; "that is my opinion exactly. But Mr. Stanton is against him, and it was only yesterday that a powerful New York delegation was here to protest against his appointment, because he is from a rebel State, and cannot be trusted." Said Gen. Steedman: "A man who will leave his own State—Thomas was a Virginian—his friends, all his associations, to follow the flag of his country, can be trusted in any position to which he may be called." That night the order went forth from Washington relieving Gen. Rosecrans of of the command of the Army of the Cumberland and appointing Thomas in his place.—*Toledo (Ohio) Journal.*

A Family Saved by a Cat.

Last Saturday, Hiram Holdridge and wife, of this city, went to Webster to spend the Sabbath with their son-in-law, J. H. Van Antwerp. The family and their guests sat up quite late, and it was after the midnight hour when all retired. About 3 o'clock in the morning Mr. Van Antwerp was aroused by the loud mewing of a cat that has been a pet of the family for many years. In fact, "puss" seemed unusually disturbed, and, contrary to all previous conduct on her part, made quite a "racket" at the chamber-door. Mr. Van Antwerp paid but little attention to the noise as soon as he ascertained the cause, and fell asleep. Shortly after 4 o'clock, however, he was again awakened in the same manner, and was terrified on discovering that the whole house, even the room in which he was sleeping, was wrapped in flames. He awoke his wife, jumped from the window, with difficulty got the badly-frightened lady from the proximity of the flames, and then gave the alarm to Mr. Holdridge and wife and other members of the household in time for them to save themselves.—*Rochester Democrat.*

THE kind-hearted publisher of the Little Rock (Ark.) *Gazette* printed this announcement one day last week: "As our printers wished to join in the Mardi-Gras festivities yesterday, and requested that but little original matter be given to set in type, we prepared no editorial for this morning's issue of the paper."

HOW THE ZULUS FIGHT.

The Desperate Hand-to-Hand Struggle at Rorke's Drift.

[Capetown Cor. London Times.]

The main body of the British advance, under Lord Chelmsford, penetrated a considerable distance into Zulu-land, over twenty miles beyond Rorke's Drift, near which a camp had been established, with a convoy, consisting of 102 wagons, 1,400 oxen, 2 guns, 400 shot and shell, 1,200 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ammunition, and a rocket-trough, the whole valued at $300,000. Ten miles beyond Rorke's Drift Lord Chelmsford left the convoy guard and advanced with the remainder of his forces, some ten or twelve miles further into Zulu-land, "to look for the enemy," who, it afterward turned out, were at the same time 20,000 strong. Lord Chelmsford being well out of the way, they fell upon the convoy. The British fought hard, and retreated gradually upon the camp and its valuable stores, thus getting the support of all their immediate forces. The Zulus fell fast before the deadly rifle; but they carried out their courageous tactics with a bravery which will not be forgotten when the historian comes to tell their story. To hurry an encounter to the death-struggle, hand to hand, is the Zulu idea. They advance in a body, the men in the rear rushing into the gaps made in front by the enemy's fire. Then the men, with short knives and shields, sling back their rifles and leap upon the foe. Those who are armed with spears break them off short and convert them into short swords. This is what happened at Isandula and the camp at Rorke's Drift. The overwhelming numbers of the Zulus, taking the troops at a moment when there seems to have been no opportunity of availing themselves of intrenchments or barricades, enabled them to overpower the red-coats.

The British officers and men fought and fell where they stood, each of them, however, slaying his two or three to one in the unequal fight. The colors of the regiment and the stores fell to the victors, who thus came into possession of valuable weapons and ammunition which they could also show to possible allies as inducements to join them. Not less than 51 British officers and 570 men lay dead in the sacked camp before the Zulus carried off the spoils. In the meanwhile Lord Chelmsford was still "looking for the enemy!" When it was all over the news reached him and he hastened back, to discover that the force he had left in his rear had been annihilated. The Zulus had not held the camp, but had carried off literally everything that made it a camp. It was an awful scene of slaughter. There was not a living soul in it.

There were no wounded to tend and succor. Quarter had neither been asked nor given. Black and white lay together in the death-grip. Both had fought with equal courage and desperation. The sturdy Englishman had met in the athletic Zulu a foeman worthy of his steel. The underrated savage had shown himself a creature upon whom drill may be as effective in the direction of natural courage as on Europeans.

Our Enormous Losses by Fire.

The loss caused by fire still continues to be enormous in this country, the figures reaching a total which must surprise many people. During last year this loss amounted to $64,315,900, of which the insurance covered $36,575,000. For the four years from 1875 to 1878, inclusive, the total loss was $275,314,585, of which the insurance companies bore $147,674,700. The greatest destruction by fire of course occurred in this State, the leading one in population and in the number of its buildings. The loss last year was over $9,000,000, Pennsylvania coming next with over $6,000,000, then Massachusetts with about $5,500,000, Ohio $3,250,000, and Illinois about $3,000,000.

Of the establishments which are classed by the insurance companies as extra hazardous on account of their special liability to fire, due to the nature of the business carried on in them or to their construction of inflammable materials, the total number burned in 1878 was 5,229, valued at $82,557,200, and insured for $23,970,990. Thus, though these specials, so called in insurance parlance, were numerically a very small minority of the whole number of risks, the loss by them footed up to about two-thirds of the total losses of the year.

The establishments of this character of which the largest number were burned in 1878 were the following; and the table is instructive as showing the sort of buildings most liable to fire:

Hotels	407	Blacksmith shops	82
Grocery stores	375	Carriage factories	71
Liquor stores	224	Bakeries	68
Drug stores	191	Ice houses	63
Gin houses	183	Carpenter shops	61
Saw-mills	174	Churches	58
Restaurants	152	Lumber yards	58
Livery stables	149	Newspaper offices	56
Flouring-mills	115	School-houses	54
Furniture factories	101		

—*New York Sun.*

The Hungarian Disaster.

The flood-disaster at Szegedin, in Hungary, though it will not be so lasting in its effects, is scarcely less appalling than a great fire. Any catastrophe by which 80,000 people are rendered homeless even temporarily is horrible enough to arrest the attention of the whole world, and to call for such aid as may be necessary to relieve their immediate suffering and assist the victims in regaining a self-sustaining condition.

It is not possible at this early day to estimate the loss nor the suffering of this Hungarian community. The people of the town had a warning of what was to come by the breaking of two embankments and the probability that the third, largest, and last protection would give way before the flood. Thousands of men had been at work for several days in the effort to save the embankment, but it gave way during the night, and hence the flood must have taken a large part of the population by surprise. The terrors of rushing waters have been graphically described by Charles Reade in one of his novels, and American readers have closer recollections of such impressions as may be communicated by descriptions of the breaking dams in New England three or four years ago. It would probably be difficult to exaggerate the horrors of such a scene as has been enacted at Szegedin, for water may be more terrible and relentless than fire when it comes in a torrent that no human hand can stay, and too swift and overwhelming to permit of escape. Hundreds of houses must have gone down in that night of terror, and hundreds of men, women, and children must have met a sudden and frightful death.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Revolution in Ocean-Transit.

Yachtsmen and tourists who visit the Isle of Wight or Southampton have often been puzzled by a strange craft that cruises in those waters, and which invariably slows down to ordinary speed when approached by other vessels. She seldom appears to have anything more serious on hand than a party of gay pleasure-seekers, but watermen and others who have watched her closely tell of wonderful bursts of speed in which she flies through the water like an express train. She is the vessel with which all the later experiments of the Winans brothers, of "cigar steamer" fame, have been conducted, and the results to which these experiments have led are as follows: One spindle-shaped steamer 508 feet longer than the Great Eastern, or 1,200 feet in length, is already designed and to be built. It will have engines of 100,000-horse powers and will be propelled by twin screws under the after-quarter of the vessel. The mean speed of this vessel is expected to be over twenty nautical, or twenty-three statute, miles an hour. She is to have a tower 150 feet high, containing in part state-rooms looking out on circular balconies, but having within a hollow cylinder, extending vertically throughout its entire length, and traversed by an immense weight susceptible of being adjusted at any desired height. This is an invention of Mr. William L. Winans, and the effect that it produces upon the motion of the vessel is precisely the reverse of that which one would most readily infer. When "scaled" to a proper height, in proportion to the "beat" or motion of the waves prevailing, it absolutely prevents all rolling. The great length of this steamer will prevent pitching, so that, presuming it justifies the claims and expectations of the inventors, it should be very advantageous for purposes of ocean travel. It is designed for the trans-Atlantic mail and passenger service, and their port of entry in this country will be New London, Ct., of which a special survey was made three years ago with this view. Milford Haven is expected to be the port of entry for Great Britain. That it will revolutionize ocean travel is the conviction of the Messrs. Winans, and on that conviction they have expended millions, and are about to expend still more, it being their intention to construct three other similar vessels as soon as that described shall have been successfully operated. The estimated cost of construction of these vessels is £1,000,000 each, and it is confidently believed by the Messrs. Winans and many of their friends that they will accomplish the passage of the Atlantic in less than six days at all seasons and in spite of any weather—*London Cor. New York World.*

A $25,000 Editorial.

The Louisville *Post* publishes a story of a powerful editorial, once upon a time, written and suppressed by the late George D. Prentice, the value placed upon the article being $25,000. Mr. William Calvert, who was for many years bookkeeper of the Louisville *Journal*, gives the information, saying that he and Paul R. Shipman alone, of persons living, know the secret. Mr. Calvert is thus reported:

"One day, while I was bookkeeper at the *Journal* office, $25,000 was left by a very prominent man for Mr. Prentice. I know it, for I handled the money, but didn't know for what it was intended. I always used to go to the office in time to send off the early mails. At this exciting news was looked for, and the next morning I went earlier than usual, in order to look at the dispatches from the proof-sheets in the composing-room. I proceeded to the hook and commenced looking at the proofs, when I was astonished to find a column editorial written by Mr. Prentice and strongly favoring the secession of the State. It was at a time when the excitement here was high, the Legislature was in session, and this editorial was written with a view to influencing members. I was greatly surprised to think that the *Journal* should espouse the cause of the Rebellion, and I determined, for the time at least, to kill that editorial. I at first got a chisel and attempted to deface the types so that the article would have to be reset or laid over, but this would not do.

"I had but a short time before the forms would go to press. I started on a full run in search of Mr. Shipman. I succeeded in finding him, but where I do not exactly remember, as I was so excited at the time. I hurried with him to the office, reaching there just before the form was closed, showed him the proof, and he ordered it out. What a relief it was to him and to me! It was in this way that the noted editorial which would have thrown the *Journal*, perhaps Kentucky, on the side of the South and the Rebellion, was suppressed. I have not said anything in regard to this matter until lately, and then only when approached on the subject. Mr. Belligan, who was then foreman of the *Journal*, removed the editorial from the form.

"The next day there was a lively time about the office, Mr. Prentice being terribly mad. You know how mad he could get. A consultation was had, matters were amicably settled, and in a short time the *Journal* became one of the leading Union organs. It was not until after this that I knew what the $25,000 was to be used for."

EMPLOYES of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company have been notified that drunkenness and frequenting of liquor saloons will be considered sufficient cause for immediate discharge.

A ZOOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

[*Inspired by an Unusual Flow of Animal Spirits.*

No sweeter girl ewe ever gnu
That flirty Mart a's daughter Sue.
With sable hare, small tapir waist,
And lips you'd gopher miles to taste;
Bright, lambent eyes, like the gazelle,
Sheep pertly brought to bear so well;
Ape pretty lass, it was avowed,
Of whom her marmot to be proud.
Deer girl! I loved her as my life,
And vowed to heifer for my wife.
Alas! a sailor on the sly,
Had cast on her his wether eye.
He said my love for her was bosh,
And my affection I mushquash.
He'd dog her footsteps everywhere,
Anteater in his easy chair.
He'd setter round, this sailor chap,
And pointer out upon the map
Where once a pirate cruiser boar
Him captive to a foreign shore.
The cruel Captain far outdid
The yaks and crimes of Robert Kid.
He oft would whale Jack with the cat,
And say: "My buck, doe you like that?
What makes you stag around so, say?
The catamounts to something, hey?"
Then he would seal it with an oath,
And say: "You are a lazy sloth!
I'll starve you down, my sailor fine,
Until for bean and porcupine!"
And, fairly horse with fiendish laughter,
Would say: "Henceforth, mind what giraffe ter!"
In short, the many risks he ran
Might well a llama braver man.
Then he was wrecked and castor shore
While feebly clinging to anoa.
Hyena cleft among the rocks
He crept sans shoes, and minus ox;
And, when he fain would go to bed,
He had to lion leaves instead.
Then Sue would say, with troubled face:
"How koodoo live in such a place?"
And straightway into tears would melt,
And say: "How badger must have felt!"
While he, the brute, woodchuck her chin,
And say: "Aye-aye, my lass!" and grin.
* * * * * * *
Excuse these steers. * * * It's over now;
There's naught like grief the heart can cow.
Jackass'd her to be his, and she—
She gave Jackal, and jilted me.
And, now, alas! the little minks
Is bound to him with Hymen's lynx.
—*Charles F. Adams.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

A FALL of rain—A wet autumn.

THE main chants—Songs of the sea.

A BIG miss-take—Marrying a fat girl.

WOMEN seldom keep Lent—Si-lent, we mean.

THE spirit of the times—Crooked whisky.

OF what is it impossible to make a custard? Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

WHICH of Shakspeare's plays is the last day of February? "The Winter's Tale" (tail).

WHY should a pigeon make a good carpenter? Because he knows a hawk from a hand-saw.

WHAT sort of hard things can you throw at a dog without hurting him? Words—hard words.

WHEN a man dies from the effects of drink, it is proper to say that he has been "spirited away."

"THIS is a prime airy meeting," said the politician, when he found there was no fire in the ward room.

NOAH was the first man who strictly observed Lent. He lived on water for forty days and forty nights.

THERE wouldn't have been any milk in the cocoanut if some of our dairymen had had the original construction of it.

THE French are acquiring a more stable government every year. Paris alone consumed 11,219 horses for food last year.

"YES," she remarked, "the poor, dear man was getting along as well as could be expected, but he had a relax, and that ended him."

"MOTHER," said a little square-built urchin about 5 years old, "why can't the teacher make me monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one."

A SUBSCRIBER sends us the following atrocious conundrum: Why is a man who looks at Barnum's giantess like an ancient Emperor? Because he sees her, the great.

JOAQUIN MILLER declares that he longs to return to the woods; and let us hope that he will do so before the game laws are in force again.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

"WHAT are you trying to read?" asked a visitor of an old gentleman who was nodding over the evening journal. "Oh!" replied his wife, "that's his snoose-paper."

GREAT joy sometimes proves fatal. Therefore, it is with some misgivings that we announce to the world that a Massachusetts base-ball player hanged himself a few days ago.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

THE father of a St. Louis bride presented his son-in-law with 80,000 head of cattle. "Papa dear," exclaimed his daughter when she heard of it, "that was so kind of you; Charley's awfully fond of ox-tail soup."

ALL he could do, a Dorchester man couldn't light the lamp, though he used every tooth in his wife's hair-comb for matches; but there was an explosion next morning for which the kerosene lamp was not responsible.

AN aristocratic papa, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission to marry "one of his girls," gave this rather crushing reply: 'Certainly; which would you prefer, the waitress or the cook?"

MOTHER-IN-LAW, holding the screaming baby: "Dear little darlin', how it looks like its papa now!" Papa wonders why it is that his wife's mother always compares the baby to him when it is crying, and not at other times.

AN Irish Quaker was recently replied to by a lady listener. The Quaker was exclaiming against agitation. The lady responded: "What good in the world was ever done without agitation? We cannot even make butter without it."

"AH, yes," said Mrs. Partington, some years ago, on the 22d of February, as she watched the military pass by. "Ah, yes, Washington is dead, and the worst of it is that his mantle-piece don't seem to have fallen on any man now living."

SCENE: Fancy hosiery; facetious youth purchasing bow for his sweetheart. Facetious youth (to the shop-girl)—"I suppose you have all kinds of ties here, miss?" Shop-girl—"Yes; I believe we have, sir. What kind would you like to see?" Facetious youth (winking to his sweetheart)—"Could you supply me with pigsty?" Shop-girl—"With pleasure, sir; just hold down your head and I'll take your measure."